

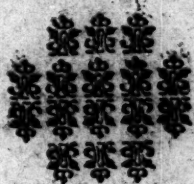
Prince *PERKIN* the 2d.

OR,

ÆSOP

ON THIS

JUNCTURE.



L O N D O N:

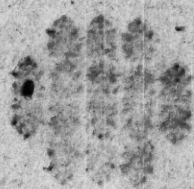
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Prince of Wales

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ON THE
JUNCTURE



LONDON
Printed in the Year 1800

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE
Lord William Pawlet.

My Lord,

AS the Genius of the Nation never exerted it self more Vigorously or more Nobly, than in the present Juncture; the Patriot and the true Englishman being now so much the Universal Character; as gives the Proud Britannia, not only the fairest occasion of Shining at Home, but also of Warming Abroad; whilst the very Nerves of Europe are enliven'd and animated from the Circulating Glory in the Veins of England. But if the angry British Lyons are now rowz'd, and the whole

The Epistle Dedicatory.

whole united Kingdom is preparing her keenest Bolts of Vengeance; never was a Call to Arms more Glorious, or a Cause more Just; after such Insults from the haughty France, and her Universal Aspirer Lewis.

France! whose very Mercy is Cruelty: For the most favourite Darlings of Arbitrary Ambition, are at best but its Slaves. Lewis! whose kindest Return, even for his very Foundation, is the blackest Ingratitude; witness the barbarous Treatment of his Hugonot Subjects that mounted him to his Throne. Lewis! whose Religion, (if he has any, (as a true bending Knee, with a Hand so Sanguine, is much to be suspected) is certainly the Reverse of Christianity: For whilst he sets himself up so vehement a Champion for the Altars of the Christian Deity, he has but very little Zeal for his greatest Attribute. Whatever fancied Devotion he may pay to the God of Truth, to
Truth

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Truth he pays but little: Truth being so much his Aversion, that with all her strongest Gordians of Treaties, Oaths, or Sacraments, she was never yet able to hold him. 'Tis this bold Insultor, that has waken'd the warm Resentments of the truly Great Britannia, not only called to her old Post of Honour, the Champion of Christendom; but now her own Avenger too. Injuries and Insolence may rise so very high, that Revenge it self, the peculiar Prerogative of Omnipotence, may, without an Invasion of the Province of a God, be the highest Achievement both of the Hero and the Christian.

'Tis in this Great Work that the whole Hands at the Helm, the PATRIOTS in Parliament assembled, never more truly the Representatives of the Nation, are now so Industrious. An Early Instance of which Universal Zeal within our Honourable Senate

The Epistle Dedicatory.

nate Walls we have seen, in the Axe already lay'd to the Root of that false Cyon, whom the French Arrogance (possibly not a little moved by sympathetick Inclination, as being fond of that Branch whose Root is as doubtful as his own) would raise up for the British Royal Cedar.

'Tis in this same Sphere, and in this very Cause, your Lordship's Virtues are not a little conspicuous, when we find your Lordship one of the two Selected Delphick Heads, called forth to Transmit the Living Oracles of Law and Justice, in opposition to this arrogant Imposition, and the Preservation of the unshaken Altars and the Protestant Royal Line of England.

The Attraction of such Dazling Merits, has embolden'd me to beg your Lordship's Acceptance of this Humble Offering.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I confess, my Lord, so small a Volume, and in so light a Style too, might render it too mean and too unworthy a Present to the Hand of such High Quality as Your Lordship, did not the Subject in some measure atone for the Boldness of the Presenter: I can only say, 'tis written on an honest Ilium, and that is all its Recommendation. With the same Pretensions therefore it intrudes into Your Lordships Roof, as even a Rag of a tatter'd Ensign, a Trophy in a Good Cause, may be hang'd up in a Temple; when a proud Mausolæum, rais'd in a Bad one, should be excluded.

Nor let the Light Air in which 'tis written, seem too much to lessen it; For the greatest Instructive Morals wrapt in Fables, ev'n those that have been handed down through Ages, have generally appear'd in an Airy Dress: And indeed this sort of Style seems to be inherent to Fables: For the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Original Fabulist Æsop himself, when he put Language and Reason into the Mouths of Brutes; as much as he made bold with the Prerogative of Man, as to make his Horse and his As's Linguists, he was not so bold as to make 'em Courtiers too: And consequently the Dignity of Heroicks was a Dialect too high for them: And therefore when he brought those four-leg'd Actors upon the Stage, he suited their Phrase to the Sock more than the Buskin.

With this only Apology for my present presumption, I am

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Devoted Servant.

TO THE
Perkinites.

Messieurs,

IT is time to leave your old distinction of *Jacobites*, since your Idol of *France* has long drop'd you all under that denomination, when he Unking'd the Head of your Tribe by owning another King of *Great Britain*: We cannot pretend to new Christen such Pagans, we'll only name you therefore, as they do, *Spaniels*, since you are only in such Capacity alone, us'd by King L—s, viz. to raise his Game, and after to be kick'd or discarded at pleasure; witness *Reswick Treaty*, by which he oblig'd himself to dismiss you his Protection: Be you then henceforth call'd *Perkinites*, from *Perkin* your present Head. Let us examine now the Reasons of your Disturbing the Kingdom to this time, which we shall find all reducible to Four Heads, Two Feign'd, but the Other Real: The Feign'd are a Religious Point of Conscience, as to Right; and Point of Honour, as relating to your Reputation and good of your Country: The Real ones are Knavery

To the Perkinites.

and Idiotisme. As to Conscience, none must pretend to it, in such remote and dubitable Points, who are not nicely exact in nearer and Indubitable ones, as the Duties of Religion and Morality; least it be interpreted the *straining at Gnats, and swallowing of Camels*: Nor is it enough to be Conscientious, but you must be (sure you are) in the Right; for a Conscience misinform'd is of more pernicious Consequence than none at all. To evince this, it is necessary that you be more Learned in the Constitution of our Government, than the whole Representatives of the Nation: Than the universality of the Clergy and Lawyers, who acknowledge His Majesties Rightful Possession. Yet were you thus far capacitated, all this gives not the least shadow of Justification for the disturbing the Government, without you can clearly prove you have a Call thereunto, as it is Murder in any to kill a Condemn'd Person, but the Officer appointed for the stroke by Justice. But no Private Person can possibly be under all these Capacities and Circumstances: Therefore Conscience can have nothing to do in it. Now as to Honour, Can you fancy that *L——*, who had such an Ascendant over two absolute, independant Monarchs as our late Kings were, will not have a greater over a pretended Prince, dependant on him for his Bread? That he who could over-reach two Princes of no mean Parts, cannot absolutely mould a Child to his ends? If King *James* actually

To the Perkinites.

ally begun to introduce the Despotick Sway of *France*, and yet an *Englishman*, will not then the Spark (entirely *French*, who hath suck'd in from his Cradle the Maxims of *France*) compleat the work, in hopes of being a Vice-roy here? For as it is absurd to fancy he can ever set Foot here without the assistance of *France*; so it is as ridiculous, to imagine the Conclusion can be other than the Reducing *England* to a Province dependant on *France*: Not to mention the mortal hatred that pretended Prince must always bear to *England* for the supposed Dethroning of his fancied Father, and his natural affection to his Foster-father *L—*. Will not it be now very Honourable in you, thus to bring all your Posterity into certain Slavery? Should we not become the Jest of the whole World, after we have so much exploded the Tyrannick Government of *L—*, if we should take a Viper out of his very Breast to make a King? And after we have so much condol'd the sufferings of the *French* Protestants, hug their grand Persecutor? Should we not be devout Champions for our Religion, in putting it into the Protection of him, who will not suffer a Professor of it to live in his Dominions? And shew a wise confidence in his Love for us Protestants, Foreign to him, who destroyed so many of his natural Subjects for being so; and when they alone had fix'd him on the Throne? After such concessions, how cruel soever the Consequences be, can we expect the
pity

To the Perkinites.

pity from any that is due to Idiots : And thus much for Honour, as little concern'd in the matter as Conscience.

But now for the Real occasions of your Turbulency ; your Knavery is so obvious, that it will admit the most gross construction, tho' no rational an one, except you have the *Louis-d'ors* in Hand ; for as to your hopes by Promise in future, no Judicious Person will purchase them at Three Farthings *per Cent.* This your *French* Idol is conscious of, therefore sent of late such Numbers of *Pistoles* to Purchase your Treachery : But to Sell your Country, your Religion (if you have any) the Liberties, nay, and the Lives of your Posterity, is such unprecedented Villany, that it will remain New in History to all Futurity, and render your Memory a fit additional Subject for *Asb-Wednesdays* Curses to the end of the World, and notwithstanding your Clandestine reception of those proditorious Sums, it will be a sufficient Index and Confirmation to wise Men, if you appear not now zealous, according to your several capacities, for the Prosecution of a Vigorous War against *France*, the only visible means to secure your Country from utter Ruine ; But if any of you act thus, unbrib'd, you come under the last Head. For if *England* assists not now, *France* hath a fair Prospect of the Universal Monarchy of *Europe* ; and to fancy (if obtain'd) his Tyrannick Nature will cease, when under no restriction ; to think
he ll

To the Perkinites.

he'll be kinder to you than his own Subjects ; That he will be true to any overtures he has made you, to whose Nature Falshood is so connex'd, that it seems the very composition of his Essence, who is to be understood in all Treaties not by the Letter, but the Agreeableness thereof to his Interest : To imagine the Puppet Prince will be more regarded by him, than that real one King *James* of whom he only made a Stale, is such palpable Idiotisme, that it looks almost like malice in any one to tax you with being *Campos mentis*, and by consequence not worthy Confutation. And whereas 'tis foolishly argued by some wou'd-be-statemens amongst you, *viz.* That this young Prince, the Dagon of your Hopes, if brought over so young ; tho' through the over-ruling Power of Parents, and a *French* Education unhappily now bred a *Romanist* ; nevertheless upon his transplantation to his Native *English* Ground, might soon and easily be reduced to his Native *English* Altars too ; his tender years being hitherto too weak for a Bigot : And undoubtedly therefore being too well taught by his Fathers Sufferings and Shipwracks, all too frightful before his Eyes, would soon return to *English* Reason for the quiet possession of an *English* Crown. What can be more ridiculous than this suggestion ! For to suppose him either mounted to the *English* Throne, or securedly Seated in it, without a strong Assisting Power from *France* ; (considering almost the whole Bent of the Nation

To the Perkinites.

tion now so strongly against him, must be first over-master'd, and the whole settled Succession, as their own act and deed, wholly subverted to fix him there) is wholly Chimerical. Can any Man in his Right Wits believe that the *French King* is so notoriously shallow in his Politicks, as to raise up a Nursery for his own destruction? Mount that Power that may one day cut his own Throat? Is it to be imagin'd, that the *French King* will make a Bridge from *Chalieu* to *Dover* for some Thousands of *French* Champions to Hand over this young *Perkin* to his *English* Throne; and then generously recall 'em all home again cross the very same Bridge; and fairly leave him all alone to the whole and sole management of none but his Dangerous and Heretick Tutors and Councillors about him? No; such a *French* Desert into Little Old *England* wou'd find no such hasty Retreat: Nor wou'd these strong *French* Defenders of our little weak Faith's Defender take so little care of their Royal Puppit, as to leave him to the Danger of casting so much as a look towards Heresie.

Prince

Prince *PERKIN* the 2d.

O R,

ÆSOP
ON THIS
JUNCTURE

The DREAM.

T Was in the midst of Night, when Joar
In Garret Snores like Bagpipe Drone :
When Cats in Gutters make Amours,
And brawl like Bullies and Bilk'd Whores;
Who Bite and Scratch ev'n as they Woo ;
As Man and Wife oft after do.
When Punks are with their Cullies Whoring ;
And Drawer all the while a Scoring,
So much for Wine, so much for Roaring :

6

While

Whilst young *Endimion*, that Buffoon;
 Above's debauching with the Moon.
 When (having Lous'd him) Man in Rugg,
 Bawls out, past Three, and gives a Shrug ;
 Then having crack'd an Hundred more,
 Walks round again, and cries, Past Four.
 When Owls and Wolves creep out, the Tipes
 Of Blind and Cruel *Perkinites* ;
 'Twas then that to my Fancy 'ppear'd,
 A Form, which ev'n my Fancy scar'd,
 Asop with Anger in his Look,
 And in his Hand his quondam Book ;
 Quoth he, Han't I endur'd before
 Enough, but now must suffer more ?
 First, Nature (having forgot her Trade)
 A meer Hobgobling of me made,
 My Back plac'd high in Sconce's stead,
 Look'd as if leaping o'r my Head ;
 My Nose, which was my greatest Grace,
 Stood off a Foot to guard my Face ;
 Large Under-Lip beneath did move,
 To catch the Droppings from above :
 None could tell if Awake or 'Sleep,
 My Ferrit-Eyes, sunk three Inch deep ;
 With Forehead low, or none say some,
 And Joul near jumbled to my Bum :
 Behind, my Load support would lack,
 Din't Paunch before poize up my Back :
 And all this budd'd Mass so great,
 Bropt by small Legs, bent with their weight.
 'Tis true my Mind was clear and fair,
 Nature could do no mischief there ;
 Nay, in this form too, she was civil,
 Left I should tempted be to evil,
 She gave me Shape would fright the Devil.

Thus Form'd for Laughter and Abuse,
 Or rather but for Nurse's use,

To frighten Bratts that Squall and Grumble,
 Here., take him horrid Bumble, Jumble!
 Not valu'd more than Post or Rail,
 On which each Daw does drop his Tail.

At length when full years I could scan,
 To make another Thing a Man;
 My Carcase slavery endur'd,
 To ev'ry filthy use inur'd;
 Empty Close-stools, cleanse Jakes and Sinks,
 Lodg'd with the Swine, and Fed with Stinks:
 Sold too and fro, Body and Soul,
 For half the price wou'd buy an Owl:
 And tho' my Fables valued were,
 The Fabler they could never bear;
 As Princes think it wondrous Reason,
 To hate the Trayt'r and hug the Treason.
 At length from off a Tow'ring Rock,
 With Hands fast ty'd behind on Nock,
 First Pist upon by ev'ry Clown;
 With Jears and Mocks they threw me down:
 Said I, now shall I quiet have,
 None will disturb me in the Grave.

Was not all this enough to teeze
 A Man, or Goblin, which you please?
 Nay, was it not sufficient evil,
 To be in spight, thrown on the Devil?
 But I again (curse on the wretches)
 Must be rais'd up in scurvy fetches?
 Now Massacred in Fables, where
 There neither Sense nor Morals are;
 With Application's wide at least,
 As from the West 'tis to the East;
 To make my Fox and Afs dispute
 Beneath the Dignity of Brute:
 And whereas I alone design'd
 T' enlarge a Noble, Free-born Mind,

Those who of late brought on the Stage,
 Their faint Efforts of Puffage,
 To bring Men back to Slavery ;
 Their Morals only to apply ;
 But yet so scurvily 'twas done,
 As if they'd writ their own Lampoon.

But here he paus'd — then cry'd, take Pen,
 And try how thou canst Maul these Men !
 But if thou dost as bad or worse,
 When next we meet, expect my Curse :
 And what I can, with all my soul,
 I'll freely beat into thy Joul ;
 And thus I'll do it all at once :
 With that he let fly at my sconce
 His Book, which almost broke my Head ;
 And wak'd me, whilst away he fled.

FABLE I.

The Lyon and the other Beasts.

AN old decrepid *Lyon* laying down
 His aged Life, and therewithal his Crown;
 His Heir succeeding, was oppos'd by all
 The other Beasts; his Birth to question call,
 (A Birth but weakly at the Best defended)
 As if he were not rightfully descended.
 And why? Because a *Leopard* oft was seen
 Solacing with the Aged *Lyon's* Queen.
 The *Tigers* took his part, in hopes that they
 Should (if succeeded) bear an equal sway;
 At length they fixt him: but revolving now
 To whose Assistance he his Throne did owe:
 Said he, that Pow'r which brought me to my Crown,
 And sat me on the Throne, may pull me down:
 From that time 'gainst the *Tigers* he employ'd
 His strength, 'till all of them were quite destroy'd.

MORAL.

*That Pow'r which brings in Perkin, without doubt,
 He'll have the wit to know, may turn him out.
 Is't not by Hugonots that L — s Reigns?
 And hath he not destroy'd them for their Pains?
 And thus wise Perkinites, your hopeful Lot,
 Might be (prevailing) first to go to Pot.*

FABLE II.

The Monkey and the Cat.

ONE Winter's Night a sly Mercurial Youth,
 A Monkey, somewhat of a liqu'rish Tooth,
 Close by a Seacole Fire, sate on his Crupper
 A Roasting of a Chesnut for his Supper.
 For nicer Cookery this small Grilliade
 Some little distance from the Fire was lay'd;
 By slow degrees the Toasting warmth it felt
 Gently and softly, as coy Virgins melt:
 But whether Fate or Chance would have it so,
 (No matter which, for they both rule below)
 It tumbled from the Grate, not to be stopt
 'Till to the middle of the Flames it dropt.
 A Cat sate by in melancholy Muse,
 Being now grown old, and blind, and out of use;
 Dear Puss, quoth he, my ancient Friend thou art,
 And long hast held a corner in my Heart;
 Here's a Delicious Bird, a bit so dainty,
 With which, with all my Soul, I wou'd present thee:
 But oh the Damn'd ill luck, cries Politick Pug,
 This Bird, dear Puss, lies in a Nest so snug,
 The hole so very narrow to get at her,
 With my Large Hand in vain my Mouth may water,
 Then lend me thy small Foot, my pretty Creature. }
 My Foot! Cries Courteous Puss! If that will do,
 Take it and Welcome; take't, and guide it too.
 Quoth Pug, but you must snatch it very quick
 Least th' Enemy surprize us in the Nick.
 With that into the Fire he thrust it strait;
 Whaw — Quoth the Cat, I am burnt to Death, —
 (Curs'd Fate

Decietful

Deceitful, Treacherous Villain as thou art:
 Ay, Burn, or Hang, or Drown, with all my Heart:
 I have the Nut, cries Pug, and do not care one F—.

M O R A L.

*When Perkinites can be no longer Tools :
 King L — s will Cashier 'em all for Fools.*

F A B L E III.

The Shepherd and the Wolf.

A Wolf who only on the Sharp had liv'd,
 And like our Sharps, indifferently thriv'd ;
 Quite tyr'd with the Fatigue, thought better 'twere,
 To take some settled Course to Ease his Care :
 At length consid'ring that a Neighbouring Swain,
 A Wolf did in his Service Entertain ;
 Him he address'd, with Solemn Vows to keep
 From other Wolves, most faithfully his Sheep,
 If he'd accept his Service. Quoth the Clown,
 These Wheadles, *Isgrim* never more will down :
 I had a Wolf, I train'd up from his Cradle,
 And thought from thence to make him manageable :
 But when to full Strength he arriv'd, each Day
 My Sheep (for all his Vows) became his Prey.
 Shall I trust you, train'd up ev'n from your Birth,
 'Mongst the most Cruel, Barbr'ous Wolves on Earth ?

M O R A L.

*If English James began t'advance
 The Arbitrary Pow'r of France ;*

French

French Perkins brought up to her Lure;
 Would Strike it home, and make all Sure.

FABLE IV.

The Merchant.

A Merchant who at *Turky* long had liv'd,
 And still in every Adventure thriv'd;
 (Resolv'd t'enjoy the Fruits of all his Pains)
 Imbarks upon one Bottom all his Gains;
 And to his Native Country Steers his Course,
 From whence he'd suffer'd for some Years Divorce:
 But on the way some Pirates gave him Chace,
 And wanting Strength his Enemies to Face,
 Or Ammunition to maintain a Fight,
 And yet too heavy Laden for a Flight;
 Throwing o'er Board his Heaviest Merchandize,
 Fled lightly and escap'd, be'ng made a Prize.
 The Best said he, I've sav'd, with this soon more
 I may recover, than I lost before;
 Had I been taken, I could nothing save,
 And all my Life besides been made a Slave.

MORAL.

*Part of our Wealth on Wars well spar'd may be;
 To save the rest, and us, from Slavery.*

FABLE V.

The Country-Man and the Snake.

A Clown who found a Snake near Froze to Death,
 Trying in pity to retrace his Breath,
 Puts it into his Bosom; when be'ng warm'd,
 He shew'd himself with Tongue Invenom'd Arm'd,
 And Stung the Booby — Ah Ungrateful Devil!
 And dost thou thus reward my Good with Evil?
 The Fault's not mine, quoth Snake, thou stupid Jowl,
 I'm not Ungrateful, but thou art a Fool;
 I follow'd but the Dictates of my Nature,
 Had'st thou the Dictates, which thou boastest greater,
 Of Reason follow'd, then thou Sencellest Rapp,
 I had been Dead by this, and thou'dst been Safe.

M O R A L.

*French Boutefeus Benum'd have lain,
 E're since our Monarch's Happy Reign.
 If we again should warm the Elves,
 We've none to thank for't but our selves.*

FABLE VI.

The Swine and Pot of Gold.

A Swine be'ng rooting in a nasty Bog,
 At length a Pot of Gold was by the Hog,
 Discover'd ; what a Mass of Wealth (quoth he)
 Wert thou to one who knew the Use of thee ?
 What Pleasures Purchas'd, What Enjoyment won ?
 For Gold buys all Delights beneath the Sun :
 Honours and Beauty too, it will command ;
 Nay, nothing can the pow'rful God withstand :
 To me thou'rt of no Use, since my desire
 Is better gratify'd with Filthy Mire.

MORAL.

*In vain does Golden Liberty come forth,
 To meet the Slave, who does not know it's worth.*

FABLE VII.

The Horse and the Ass.

A Country Man subpoena'd from the North
 To Town for Evidence, there to set forth,
 What he could tell of Cause (will have no ending)
 'Twixt *John a Noaks* and *Tom a Stiles* depending :
 Prepares himself, and knowing this concern
 Would cost some Monies, e'er he could return ;
 Carries a Pack of Wool up, that the Gains

Might

Might bear his Charges, and Reward his Pains;
 And to relieve his Cattle on the Roads,
 Fills a large Sack with Oats; then leaves the Loads
 To be agreed on, 'twixt the Ass and Horse;
 These Oats are heavy'r (quoth the Horse) and worse,
 The Wool much lighter, so I'll take these Brother,
 And 'cause thou'rt weaker, leave to thee the other.
 The Ass well pleas'd, they jog on; as they went
 The Oats grew lighter, being daily spent;
 The Wool too heavy grew at length to bear,
 Sucking in Moisture from the foggy Air:
 The Horse at last felt nothing on his Hide;
 But th' over-loaded Ass sunk down and Dy'd.

M O R A L.

*Large Taxes now, will grow the lighter Packs;
 But if Light now, they'll after break our Backs.*

F A B L E VIII.

The Mountain and the Mouse.

TH E Mountain heaves, as if to burst inclin'd;
 Then Roars, be'ng moy'd by Subterranean Wind,
 The Neighb'ring Folk amaz'd ——— What Prodigy?
 (Quoth they) What dreadful Omen may this be?
 At length they with the Oracle Advise;
 Apollo finding them not over Wise,
 (Be'ng in a jesting mood) stand not to prate,
 Quoth he, but run and fetch a Midwife strait,
 The Mountain's pregnant, now they more admire,
 As wond'ring who should be the mighty Sire:
 Some fancy'd that *Prometheus* did the Feat,
 When he was ty'd up there from other Meat;

Yes, pregnant it by th' Pangs, and Throws appear'd.
 But other something more prodigious fear'd,
 Thinking the Shook, by *Gyant Cyclops* giv'n,
 To heave New Mountains, to wage War with Heav'n;
 Tho' some stood by and Smil'd, of better Wit,
 Said it was only Wind, a Cholick Fit:
 Howe'er they on *Lucina* call'd aloud,
 (Whilst She peep'd on the Fools behind a Cloud)
 Great Goddess be propitious and come down,
 Who can deliver a Mountain, but the Moon?
 She heard them, and the Mountain tore a sunder,
 Whilst they in Crouds with Expectation wonder
 What Issue, what great Off-spring 'twould produce,
 Out Chirripping there, run a little Mouse.
L——s le Grand hath Sworn, and by his Throne,
 He will fix *Perkins* Crown or lose his own;
 Aye marry will he — but the same before,
 We well remember to King *James* he swore;
 Yet when his Int'rest serv'd, what he had Vow'd
 Neglected, and our Monarchs Right allow'd:
 And should Our Prince which promis'd Peace, but
 (ask it,
Perk's Head he'd gladly send him in a Basket.

M O R A L.

Thou hath be threatn'd too, the *Austrian House*:
 But still the *Mountain* brought forth but a *Mouse*.

FAB.

F A B L E IX.

The Swallow and other Birds.

A Country Man his Land having Plow'd,
 With *Linsseed* all the Furrows Sow'd;
 A Prudent *Swallow* saw the Swain,
 Quoth she, this may grow to our Bane;
 Then summon'd all the Birds together,
 Of different Form and different Feather;
 See where they our destruction Sow,
 If not destroy'd before it grow!
 Let's now whilst 'tis within our Pow'r,
 And e'er it roots, the whole devour.
 But they his prudent Council slight,
 Nor give him thanks, but take their Flight.
 The Flax grew on, and did appear
 In Nets and Snares the following year:
 The Birds are Captive took each hour,
 Who'd not be warn'd whilst in their Pow'r.

M O R A L.

*Factionous Designs must be crush'd in the Seeds,
 Or they'll take Root and grow to Factionous Deeds.*

F A B L E X.

The Parson and his Horse.

A Parson of a Seamen bought a Horse,
(As Men take Wives, for better or for worse)
 The Horse was Lean, but of good Shape and Stature,
 And prov'd a very manageable Creature :
 Would kneel to take His Rider up, a Motion
 From Courtly Steed no piece of small Devotion :
 Whilst some mad Gallipers have the Disaster,
 To kneel sometimes in haste and throw their Master.
 Quoth he, how comes it thou obey'st my Check
 So freely, when thy other Masters Neck
 Thou'dst almost broke, as I've been since acquainted ?
 The Horse reply'd, as I hope to be Sainted
 This was the Cause ; — He a fierce Seaman was,
 A Man more fit to Spur and Gaul an Ass ;
 He thought to Sail on Land, would Kick and Switch,
 And I mnst fly like Broomstaff under Witch,
 Leap Gate and Hedge ; the Brute was so uncivil,
 I thought him always Riding Post to th' Devil :
 My Ribs began to bare, a woeful lack
 I found of Leather dayly on my back.
 Then was I fed with nothing ev'ry Day
 But mouldy Biscakes, and with rotten Hay :
 Quoth I, I never can thus long abide.
 Then Dic, quoth he, and I will sell thy Hide ?
 Vex'd at the Guts, I down Tarpaulin threw,
 So he was glad to sell me, Sir, to you :
 Since which I eat my fill at Rack and Manger,
 Feed on your Tithes, secured from all the danger
 Of Colds or Heats ; by Journeys short and easie ;
 Therefore in Gratitude I'm bound to please you.

M O R A L

M O R A L

*You rid too hard, Sirs, Whip'd and Spurr'd amain;
 England must have a gentle, easie Rein;
 This made your Plots abortive, Eggs all addle,
 And this hath put your Breech beside the Saddle.*

F A B L E X I.

The Shepherd and his Dog.

A Shepherd who a Servant Dog did keep,
 Catch'd him one Morning worrying his Sheep;
 O spare me, Sir, said he, 'tis my first Crime,
 I've sav'd them from the Wolves many a time.
 No, thou shalt surely Dye, deceitful Creature,
 The Wolves Destroy them cause it is their Nature.
 You in the same House with me always liv'd,
 From the same Table, you have always thriv'd:
 Your Principles with mine did seem to side,
 Which made me in your Honesty confide:
 A Bosom Enemy is Ten times worse
 Then forreign, and deserves a greater Curse.

M O R A L.

*Protestant Perks are wiler than the other;
 For they, like Nero, rip up their own Mother.*

F A B L E XII.

The two Foxes.

A Country Man a Fox did keep in pay,
 T'oblig'd him all his Breth'ren to betray;
 Geese, Cocks, and Hens he never was to lack,
 But might eat freely till his Tripes did crack.
 He also had inclos'd a Spacious Field,
 Fill'd with all sorts of Foul the Countries yield;
 Leaving some few Avenues here and there;
 In each of which was plac'd a trap or Snare,
 Sly *Reynary* having plentifully din'd,
 Marches abroad thus treach'rously inclin'd,
 When soon he met one half starv'd of his kind.
 (Who't seems but lately was in Farmer's Goal,
 And got enlargement with the loss of Tail.)
 Quoth he, How comes it thou'rt thus wretched poor;
 Rump Bone starts out behind, sharp Knees before,
 Ribs strutting wide, and (Brother I can't Flatter)
 Thou look'st damn'd ugly, and thy Bones do clatter:
 Prithee Eat well, with Health we must not dally.
 — With all my Heart; but how the Devil shall I?
 See yonder Field so plentifully stor'd,
 'Twas there I got these Fat sides on my word!
 Come and I'll show the way — Do you go first;
 — No I've just gorg'd there, till I'm almost burst.
 Quoth to'ther now I smell thee Rank, away!
 Thou'rt some base Villain kept by Man in pay;
 I lately therice with loss of Tail got loose,
 Ife'er I'm caught agen in the same Noose,
 Pray count me then no wiser than a Goose,

M O R A L

M O R A L.

*In vain France with Pistoles does guild her Tools,
They none will gull a Second time but Fools.*

F A B L E. XIII.

The Ravens in Council.

A Flock of *Ravens*, as they took their round,
A Horse (being newly Dead) his Carcass found;
The *Vultures* quickly after took the scent,
And to the wish'd for Prey, their Flight they bent
Claiming their share: On which the *Ravens* sit
In Council, to consult what share was fit
To part with; some the hinder quarters gave;
But others said, so much they ne'er should have;
Which grew at length into a hot contest,
Till one a little wiser than the rest
said, You who in your greater Wisdoms grutch
The hinder Quarters, thinking 'tis too much;
And thence amongst your selves to quarrels fall,
Will be th' occasion that they will take all.

M O R A L.

*They who approve not the Partition,
Judging too much to France did fall,
'Tis hop'd into a worse condition,
They will not bring us by Dispute,
And therein civil Quarrels root,
Whilst France by our Dissention Seizes all.*

FABLE XIV.

The Wolf and the Sheep.

A *Wolf* who late with Luxury had fed,
 On Slaughter'd *Sheep*, but in the end had sped
 Untowardly, which chang'd his cruel Note,
 Caus'd by the Bone of one lay cross his Throat;
 Half Dead: The *Sheep* came round him undismay'd,
 To whom (near strangled) thus at length he said,
 If either of you now will ease my Pain,
 His Faithful Friend I ever will remain.
 A grave *Bell-weather* thus himself express'd,
 Prompt'd by the suffrages of all the rest;
 Whilst you the Figure of a *Wolf* do keep,
 His Nature too you will, nor to the *Sheep*
 Can e'er be true: Who now your Throat, shall free
 Most certainly your Prey will after be:
 Therefore our utmost strength we'll now employ
 In time, your Form and Nature to destroy.

M O R A L.

*The Germans are the Bone now strangles France,
 If in their Aid we timely do advance,
 Our safety will be seal'd and firm remain:
 But if that faithless Prince we trust,
 Whose Nature is not to be just,
 We ne'er shall have an opportunity again.*

FABLE XV.

The Poultry and Foxes.

With much success a Wise and Valiant Cock
Had long reign'd *Monarch*, o'er a num'rous
[Flock,

Securing them from all insults whate'er;
By Neighbouring Enemys attempted were;
And from intestine Jars, whilst Plenty flow'd,
All which to his wise Government they ow'd.
Yet some whose vicious Natures were so rude,
No kindness could oblige their Gratitude
Rebell'd; but of their proper strength afraid,
Invited in the *Foxes* to their Aid:

The *Foxes* came, but their First bloody Prey,
Was those rebellious Boutefeus to slay:
Said they, these who are false to their own King,
No League with us their Enemies will mind.

M O R A L

*If Perkin at the Head of French should come,
Expect your selves to feel the Heaviest Doom:*

For could you to your Fancy fix the Throne,

How will that Church trust you who first betray'd your own

FABLE XVI.

The PIGMIES.

THE Pigmies were in Council set
 To choose them a Protector,
 That might defend them from the Cranes,
 And prove a second Hector.

Great Contests for Preeminence,
 Prolonged their Debates;
 Whilst divers Interests were made
 For sev'ral Potentates.

Amongst the rest there hopp'd about
 A little Miscreant Elf,
 Who thought by Policy to gain,
 The Honour for himself:

For in a corner of the Room,
 He spy'd a-cross a Rail,
 O'r which, Clowns, when their Guts were full,
 Were us'd to lay their Tail.

Quoth he, I'll mount upon that Post,
 And that shall be my Throne;
 Then overtopping of them all,
 I'll Monarch Reign alone.

But getting up he lost his hold,
 And down fell little Tit;
 When 'stead of being on a Throne,
 He found himself beneath — t.

M O R A L

*If e'er our Monarch shall allow
To L——'s Terms of Peace;
As lately 'twas King James's, now
This would be Perkin's Case.*

F A B L E XVII.

The Goat, the Kid and the Wolf.

A Goat did very soon one Morning rise,
And calling up her Kid, did thus advise;
Daughter, I must abroad before 'tis Light,
And twill be late e'er I return at Night,
Hav'ng divers great concerns to treat upon;
Be sure you keep all fast when I am gone.
There, take the Pantry-Key and eat your fill,
New Milk, sweet Oats, fresh Clover, which you will;
And after Dianer to regale your self,
There lye some Apple-parings on the Shelf:
But have a care, keep every body out
'Till y' hear my Voice, lest Rogues should lurk about;
So she went forth. — A *Wolf* that by lay hid,
Heard all, and in feign'd Voice accosts the Kid,
Oh, my dear Daughter! open quick the Door,
I have forgot my Purse and Milk-Maid's score.
This is some trick quoth Kid — — who art? — I am,
Quoth *Isegrim* (open quick) thy loving Dam.
The Dev'l thou art, I will not let thee in;
Through chink (quoth Kid) I see thy Curled Grin;
There shake thy Heels, I'll keep my self here fast;
If thou com'st in, I'm sure to breath my last.

M O R A L

MIRIAM

*Your treacherous Disguise will take no more ;
 You're out, and we'll take care to bar the Door.*

The C L O S E.

AN *Afs* and *Perkinite* met in the Strand,
 And quarrell'd which should have the upper-
 (hand ;

Perk, in a Passion, cry'd, thou Stupid Sor,
 Is it not mine by Right ? *Afs*. And pray for what ?

Perk, Because I have a Reasonable Soul,

Quoth th' *Afs*, I'll prove thou art the greater Fool.

Perk. That's fine ! pray how ? *Afs*. Sit there thou
 (filly wretch

Upon that Stall, and here I'll place my breech ;
 Let's now proceed : Thou heavy Brute, quoth *Perk*,
 Who is't bears Burdens, whilst his Hide they Jerk,
 A Slave to all ? — That's not my fault, quoth he,
 But theirs who do impose the slavery.

I never Courted Thralldome as thou do'st.
 And made the foolish Principle my Boast.

Thou break'st thy Rest, and Day and Night tak'st pains,
 And had'st thou any, soon would'st break thy Brains,

The Best and Easiest Government to alter,
 When th' end must surely be a Yoke or Halter.

But who, (quoth *Perk*) put on the *Lyon's* Skin ?

Boh—quoth the Dunce, and then the Oaph would grin,
 Thinking to fright the World, his Master appears,

And knows the Booby by his mighty Ears.

Quoth th' *Afs*, When I put on that Masquerade,

The *Lyon's* Skin, 'twas not a Plot ill lay'd :

But wanting of a Glass, and being in haste,

I had not time to have my Ears well Cast :

But

But thou on Reason would'st commit a Rape,
 In thine own silly, despicable shape;
 If any Plot is form'd Senceless and Dumb,
 The Mob cry, this smells strong of *Perk's* thick Skull:
 If a Design that wants both Wit and Grace,
 Hoo---hoo---hoo, quoth *Madge*, don't you know my
 (broad Face?)

Quoth *Perk*, the grave Philosopher had cause
 Enough to Laugh, when *Nizey* prick'd his Jaws
 By mumbling Thistles.——Quoth the *Afs*, but when
 He found them prick, he never try'd again:
 Thou mumblest Thorns which dayly prick thy Jaws;
 And yet wilt not give o'r thy silly Cause.
 On that *Perk* rose in Passion——Thou Buffoon
 Shalt soon repent thy Scurvy, Damn'd Lampoon!
 Our young Prince soon will come; then farewell Fears.
Afs. In troth thou'lt won them now; here take my
 (Ears.

F I N I S.